The Ladies Lamentation for the Loss of Senesino. Sung by Mr. Roberts. Set for the German Flute &c.

Sym

As musing I rang'd in the Meads all alone. A beautifull Creature was makeing her Moan.

Oh the Tears they did trikle full fast from her Eyes. And she peirc'd both the Air and my

Heart with her Cries. Oh the Tears they did trickle full fast from her Eyes. & she peirc'd both

Ritt

Air And my Heart with her Cries.

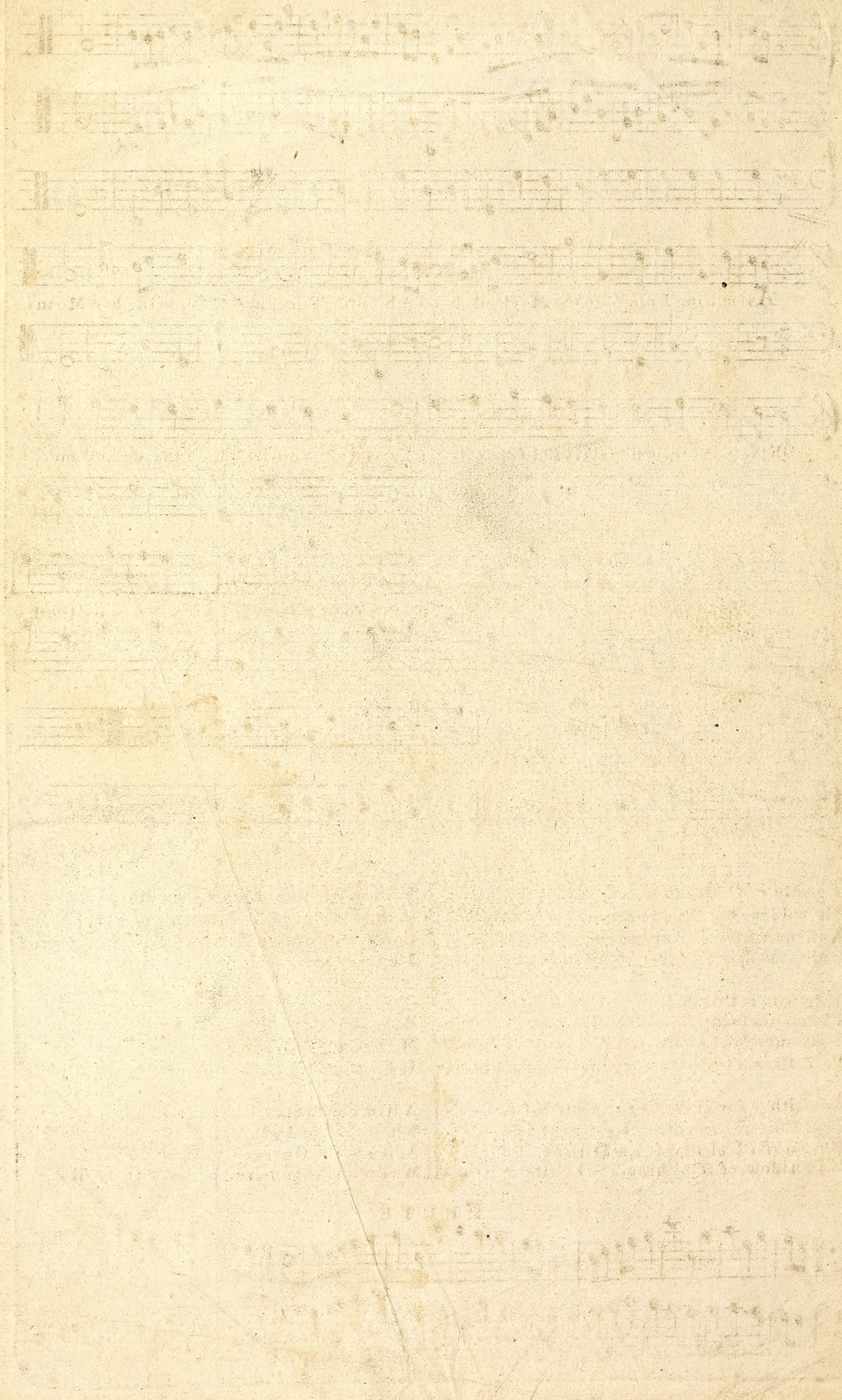
I gently requested the Cause of her moan,
She told me her sweet SENISINO was flown,
And in that sad Posture she'd ever remain,
Unless the dear Charmer would come back again.

Why who is this Mortal so Cruel said I,
That draws such a stream from so Lovely an Eye,
To Beauty so blooming, what Man can be blind,
To Passion so tender, what Monster unkind.

Tis neither for Man, nor for Woman, said she,
That thus in Lamenting I water the lee,
My warbler Cælestial sweet Darling of fame,
Is a Shadow of something, a Sex without Name.

Perhaps' tis some Linnet, some Blackbird, said I,
Perhaps' tis your Lark, that has soar'd to the sky.
Come dry up your Tears, and abandon your grief,
I'll bring you another, to give you relief.

No Linnet, no Blackbird, no Skylark, said she,
But one much more tunefull, by far than all three
My sweet SENISINO for whom thus I cry,
Is sweeter than all the wing'd Songsters that fly.

Adieu FARINELLI, CUZZONI, Likewise,
Whom stars and whom Garters extol to the skies
Adieu to the Opera, adieu to the ball,
My darling is gone, and a fig for them all.

FLUTE